

## The War's Total Toll

A LOSS of more than 35,000,000 in world population has been traced to the World War. Battle deaths were 9,000,000. The other loss was caused by war epidemics, food blockades, starvation and fall in normal birth rate.



## Magazine Page



## This Day in Our History

THIS is the anniversary of the arrival in the Delaware, in 1788, of a French fleet and 18,000 soldiers under Rochambeau, sent to aid us in our struggle for freedom. The French thus helped the capture of Yorktown.

## THE WOLF GOOSE BY GOUVERNEUR MORRIS

## A Dramatic Story of a Devoted Husband Who Discovers His Wife is in Love With Another Man

This story has been made into a motion picture by Cosmopolitan Productions under the masterly direction of Albert Capellani and is released as a Paramount picture.

## By Gouverneur Morris

Author of "His Daughter," "When My Ship Comes In," "The Seven Darlings," and Other Notable Fictions.

"DON'T believe it matters much one way or the other," said Diana, but a certain curt quality in her voice indicated that it had mattered a good deal.

"What have you and Tam been doing with yourselves?" she asked. But the question and the sudden charming smile that went with it were Tam alone.

"Well, we went all over the improvements with Grandma," said Manners, "and we played some very violent games; and after lunch father went for a long walk, and when he came back we played more games, only very quiet ones. And then you came. And you? See anybody interesting in town?"

"A good many people I know; but I don't think that you would describe any of them as particularly interesting."

"She rose with a distinct effort. 'My legs feel like lead,' she said. But in climbing the short flight of stairs to the upper hall she did not lean against the arm which Manners had put around her waist. It was almost, he felt keenly, as if she didn't want him to touch her. At the door of her room she turned.

Changed a Lot. "You don't really mind about dinner, do you?" she asked. "I'm dead to the world."

"I don't see why you should be so tired, Diana."

The pain that he felt showed in his eyes, and Diana relented toward him.

"Come and talk to me after dinner."

"I'll try very hard not to feel grateful. But you don't mind if I feel glad, do you?"

## The Story So Far

Frank Manners, an artist of reputation, is doing some work for a rich woman in California. He has always been devotedly attached to his wife, Diana. He reads over her letters of the last few months and feels that she is neglecting their small daughter. He decides to go East without letting Diana know beforehand. On train he meets a hunter who tells him a tale of a wild goose. When Manners arrives home he meets Ogden Fenn, the man with whom Diana is in love. He is keenly disappointed in Diana's conduct and in her coldness toward him, but finds much joy in the love of his daughter, Tam.

ner," she said. "I won't be half so tired then."

It was a placid talk, during which Diana, who had been reading a book when he joined her, was at no pains to disguise the fact that she was very sleepy. She yawned a number of times, laughed, and said that she was sorry but that she really couldn't help herself. He tried to interest her in the idea of a Newport summer and suggested that she take up the question of renting a cottage; but for once in her life Diana seemed to be rather down on Newport. It was a life that led nowhere; it was frightfully expensive; she had lost her enthusiasm for late hours and dancing.

Secretly, Manners was very much pleased. He had always hoped that she would one day tire of gaiety and extravagance, and of all other false values. He said that he was pleased, and even grateful.

"But you've no reason to be grateful," said Diana. "I've changed a lot since you went away; that's all. I didn't try to change. It just happened; so there's no occasion for gratitude. I can no more help being tired of parties than I could help being crazy about them."

"Well, then," he smiled. "I'll try very hard not to feel grateful. But you don't mind if I feel glad, do you?"

It looks to me as if you were coming across, as if you'd made up your mind to live our life instead of just yours. Even if you don't love me, we've got an awful lot to fall back on to look back on, haven't we?"

She nodded, but did not answer.

"You don't really believe that I fell in love with you when you were only a little shaver, do you?"

"Yes, I do, Frank," she said, quickly. "I know how long you've loved me and how much."

"It ought to count. It ought to make life together easier for you."

"It's the only thing that makes life together possible. You think that I always do just as I please; and that I have no consideration for your wishes; but you don't know how often I've given up things to please you; and how if it weren't for you I might not be any good at all—if I am any good."

## Something Is Wrong.

He knelt by the bed, and took her in his arms and laid his cheek against hers. And it seemed for once as if she was glad to have his arms about her; but though he held his breath and listened he could detect no quickening in the action of her heart. Her gladness was that of a child who, after much tripping and disillusionment, has found a safe refuge.

"From now on," he said, "things will be better with us. You are going to be patient and kind, not by fits and starts, but all the time."

He felt her shoulders quiver. He drew back his head to look at her, and very swiftly she turned her face away. She had begun to cry. He clasped her very tightly.

"Oh, Diana, darling, what does all this mean? Tell your best friend. Tell poor old Frank who's loved you so long and so faithfully. I know there's something. Please tell me."

But she only cried the harder, and he drew back and rose to his feet, his heart numb with a sense of catastrophe.



Diana and Ogden Fenn, the Man She Really Loves.

feet, his heart numb with a sense of catastrophe.

"Diana," he said, "for heaven's sake tell me what is wrong! I know you too well to believe you when you say there is nothing."

This isn't the first time you've acted like this. . . . For God's sake, dear, tell me what is wrong!"

"Won't you please leave me alone!" she said. "There's nothing wrong—nothing. I'm just tired to death, and the least thing makes me cry."

## Motion Pictures of This Splendid Serial Will Be Shown Here Soon at Leading Theaters

death, and the least thing makes me cry."

"There is nothing specifically wrong!" A note of sternness had come into his voice.

"There's nothing," said Frank. "I'll be different tomorrow. I'll do anything you want tomorrow—anything. I'm just so tired. Once more his voice was all gentleness."

"Then get to sleep as quick as ever you can, dear." He leaned over swiftly and kissed her. "And sleep late."

He put out the lights in her room and closed the door after him.

He found his mother-in-law reading the evening papers in the library. She was in a cool and restful mood and merely the casual, natural and good-natured tones of her voice soothed him, so that it was easily and with a smile that he said:

## Nothing but Nerves.

"I'm really worried about Diana. She cries at the least thing. First she says that she's a reformed character, that she's going to be at home more, that she's going to be economical, that she's sick of gaiety; and then, instead of acting the happiness that reformed characters are supposed to feel, she cries."

"It's nothing but nerves," said Mrs. Langham. "Men never seem to understand that crying is not painful to a woman, but one of her greatest luxuries. When a man's nerves get on edge, there's really nothing he can do. But a woman can always cry. We like to cry. Diana has probably made up her mind to turn over a new leaf; she knows that it is going to be very hard for her to do that, and so she cries."

"But she says it isn't a decision. She says she has simply changed and that she deserves no credit."

"It doesn't matter a bit," said Mrs. Langham. "How the change may

come about, if only she sticks to it. Life will be very much more peaceful for all of us."

"Excuse me!" said Manners, suddenly. "I thought I heard her voice." He stepped quickly into the hall, and listened. He could hear her voice distinctly now, and it sounded cheerful. She was talking with someone on the telephone that stood at the head of her bed.

He ran quickly up the stairs; but by the time he had knocked on the door she had finished telephoning and hung up the receiver. In her face there was no trace of recent tears. There was color in her cheeks, and her eyes looked very bright and shining.

"I heard your voice," said Manners, "and came up to see if there was anything the matter."

"It was Ogden Fenn," she said, "to ask how I felt. I saw him in town, and he said I looked so tired it worried him."

"His inquiries seem to have had a good effect," said Manners, a little dryly. "For you look quite like yourself again. Now do leave that receiver off, so nobody else can disturb you, and go to sleep."

## Rejuvenating Thought.

The alacrity with which she obeyed pleased him. And he went downstairs with good hopes for the morrow. But it annoyed him to think that another man's solicitude should afford her the pleasure which his own had been unable to supply.

Her thought that on the morrow she would refuse him nothing, was the happy thought upon which Manners fell asleep that night. And all the next morning it was never far from his mind. It was a rejuvenating thought, and brought him with a high spirit into whatever plans Tam had conceived for her own amusement.

Diana's long-hoped-for reform was by way of being accomplished.

The resolution seemed to have cost her dear; but she had made it, and it was actually to go into effect. With Tam in tow, he was in and out of her room a dozen times during the morning, interrupting; but always upon some pleasant and laughing excuse, her housekeeping, her sewing, her note-writing and her telephoning.

To Interest Diana. After luncheon, for the day had turned exceedingly pleasant, they went for a long walk, and for the first time since his return Diana showed a desire to hear about his work and his California experiences. Since these latter had contained much that was odd and delightful, he did his best to be entertaining: to interest Diana and to make her laugh. "It's the best walk and talk," he told himself, "that we've had together in ever so long. Even if she doesn't love me, she is fond of me, and I don't bore her."

It was not until they were halfway home that the conversation took a more serious turn. Manners told her that, through his association with Californians, so many of whom were Roman Catholics, he had come to be a firm believer in confession.

"I've often thought I'd like to confess," said Diana. "But only to a professional confessor; somebody who'd forget all about me as he turned away to take on the next sinner. But it must take a lot of practice before you can confess properly. I'm sure that I'd be always trying to put my case in the best possible light."

"If you were going to confess," Manners laughed, "I'd like to substitute I own, short of you and Tam, to know how your mind works, and what you really think is wrong and what you really think is right."

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(To Be Continued Tomorrow.)

## The Price of Tomorrow

THERE'S NO WAY OF CHEATING NATURE

By Beatrice Fairfax.  
Who Occupies a Unique Position in the Writing World as an Authority on the Problems of Life.

YOU can't dance till 3 in the morning and come down to work fresh and eager at 9 the next morning. You can't eat salad and ice cream and cake at 5 and bring much appetite to your 7 o'clock dinner.

There has to be a sense of balance in all you do, or nature adjusts the balance in her own way. Don't you know plenty of girls who insist on trotting around all winter in thin silk stockings, laughing at their immunity to the colds that might beset other folks who didn't show due regard for keeping their ankles warm—and who are astonished and feel abused when the spring finds them constantly on the invalid list?

There's no way of cheating nature of her reckoning. She doesn't always collect the minute the bill falls due. It wouldn't be so bad if she did—for it's easier to reconcile yourself to paying for a bit of recklessness when the memory of its enjoyment is still fresh than it is to be called to account long after the glow is gone and forgotten.

In youth every one builds the foundation for his house of life. Habits, reputation, education, health, all start piling up a cumulative mass when folks are young, in what is called truthfully the "formative period."

In youth you're training the

body, which is the only one you'll ever possess. You're building up the mind, which is to be an asset or handicap in life's struggle for success. And you can never call back one mispent hour, nor yet live over one tawdry moment.

In doing a business job, if your calculations go wrong you can start over and do the problem another way. There's a waste of time and energy and often a sense of discouragement, but the thing may work out, and then there's a tremendous satisfaction in the mere fact of having persisted.

But in the process of living, it is harder to head back from the wrong direction and start over. Habits form while you aren't on your guard. Drunkards and drug fiends aren't born—they are made. Congenital weaklings are sadly frequent, since we don't show much common sense about our race and its protection. But even a congenital weakling may amount to a great deal if he is properly educated, carefully trained and formed along lines of useful habits.

This doesn't mean that one who blunders must sit down and give himself over to hopeless weeping. It means that he must stop blundering, in full recognition that he has enough to pay off to nature already and doesn't want any more heavy debts to come along.

The sane soul can even profit by his blundering if he looks squarely at his false steps and where they lead him, considers the wrong turns he's taken and proceeds to bid with the wisdom of experience gained instead of sinking into the slough of weakness acquired.

The thing to do is not to fool yourself. Recognizing clearly that for every cause in life there is a result, the thing to do is to be efficient enough to make tomorrow's debtor instead of today's creditor.

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## IN OUR PASTRY SECTION

Cornwell's  
Lady Lox

A swirl cornucopia of Parisian Puffe pastry with crinkly, fluted edges. Within, a heart of rich, golden-hued custard. Copiously glazed and dusted with sugar.

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CORNWELL'S  
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## MORE PRIZE RECIPES

PINEAPPLE LAYER CAKE.  
1½ cups sugar.  
6 ounces butter.  
4 eggs, omitting two whites for leing.

1 cup milk and water mixed.  
3 level teaspoons Rumford baking powder.  
½ level teaspoon salt.  
3 cups sifted flour.  
½ teaspoon vanilla.  
Juice of ½ orange.  
Cream butter and sugar until light, add the well-beaten eggs. Next add the milk and water, also the flavoring. Lastly add the sifted flour with the baking powder and salt. Spread in well greased layer-cake pans, bake about twenty minutes. Fill with the following filling.

PINEAPPLE FILLING.  
2 cups sugar.  
Small quantity of juice of lemon or orange and grated pineapple.  
2-3 cup boiling water.  
Boil sugar and water together until it pours from the spoon in a thread (without stirring). Pour this over the stiffly beaten whites of eggs, beating while pouring. After this has been beaten almost stiff enough to spread add the orange juice and the pineapple. Beat a little while longer and spread.—Mrs. J. H. Hanlein, 531 Eleventh street southeast.

## IF IT'S YOUR EYES

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## Paris Sport Costumes

The sportswoman is planning her costume with more than a little thought this summer. For the golfer who would combine smartness and comfort the renaissance of the blazer is a veritable godsend. For with a white skirt—serge, linen or what you will—the striped blazer is just the thing. The model shows of white flannel, striped with cherry red, has a flat collar and revers and smart little applied pockets striped laterally. It is worn over a tailored skirt of white crepe de chine and a perfectly plain, short skirt of white flannel. A snug-fitting sports hat of white felt, faced with cherry red satin and trimmed with felt pompons at each side, is as attractive as it is practical. A smart Parisian turned out for tennis the other day, in the frock of French blue linen. It is built along lines that invite sudden and extreme motion, from the looseness of the sleeves over the forearm to the easily fitting waist and wide skirt. Bands of white and stitched with blue, such as the frock and its satin lined flying scarf, which in moments of action is confined at the back of the shoulder by snaps. A brim wide enough to protect the eyes, yet not to endanger perfect vision, is achieved in the hat of white felt, braided and faced with French blue



## ADVICETO THE LOVELORN

By Beatrice Fairfax

DEAR MISS FAIRFAX: I am nineteen years old, a good dancer and good-looking. I can play the piano, sing a little and keep house. But it is this that worries me: I have my idea of a Prince Charming, we might call him, and I dream of him and live in hopes that some day I will meet him.

I would rather stay at home in the evening or go to the little movie around the corner by myself than go out with some of the so-called men of today. And yet my mother is always telling me to go ahead and have a good time and not be so particular.

Now, Miss Fairfax, must I just go on in my own way or must I go out whether I want to or not?

A LITTLE LONELY. Of course, do not go out with any one whose company you do not enjoy. Life is too short to be bored and there are too many interesting people in the world. But how do you expect to meet Prince Charming if you do not care to go out? He'll not be delivered to you in a handbasket or sent through the mail. Enlarge your circle of congenial friends, and to do this you must meet people.

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